

Good Morning

S37

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

WHEN we suggest that the Almighty is on our side, and when Hitler occasionally takes second place to the Creator and modestly declares that the pair of them will finish the job, many people begin to ask: On whose side IS the Supreme Being?

The question is really answered by asking who is on the side of the Omnipotent. All depends, of course, on one's conception of God.

If he is a God of destruction, racial suppression, slavery, world domination, then, of course, those who advocate these things must be on His side; and yet to us it is obvious that it must be a very strange kind of God Who can manage to be on both sides when each side is utterly opposed to the other.

The Almighty cannot possibly be facing both ways, cannot possibly be patting Hitler on the back one day for a gruesome piece of wholesale butchery and then be accepting our prayers for those same butchered next morning. That is what some people seem to think, or say without thinking.

We believe either in a Supreme Power Who is a God of Love in all its beauty, or one to whom power, might and hatred are guiding principles, and according to which side we take or believe in, so our quota of support, infinitesimal as it may seem, goes into that pool. . . so that if the whole world goes on to the side of hate, then hate is supreme on earth and it crushes everything—but that does not mean that even though the world were on the side of hate, hate was right.

Far from it; numerical strength is not of necessity right.

Again . . . people ask, "How can a God of Love allow these things?" Once again, let us examine OURSELVES.

We have been allowed freedom of thought and action . . . we are NOT struck down by an avenging Deity if we do things which are contrary to good . . . we are not punished by Heaven (at any rate, not here and now, which is all we can speak of with certainty), therefore WE pretty well do as we like.

Had we and millions of other so-called Christians absorbed more of the love of a loving "Head," then the anti-good would never have had the power it has.

It would never have been allowed to do the things it was allowed to. Nations do not go all out on armaments to the exclusion of everything, so that they can say "Now we have made millions of death-dealing instruments, we will set an example to the world, and melt them down to make ploughshares." Or do they? No, certainly not.

We must not overlook the fact that people were allowed to do this with undisguised intention whilst other countries, even professing Christian countries, looked the other way.

It is not our business to interfere, you might say.

But surely, if all the professing good-principled nations had taken a look, they would have known immediately that

smaller countries were in jeopardy, and you know you would not stand aside and ignore the pleading of your kid brother, would you?

Neither should we and the other Christian countries have closed our eyes, or at any rate paid little attention, to the situations which were developing to strangulation point for the smaller countries, all supposed to belong to that brotherhood of nations.

This state of world chaos is not the result of God taking sides at all. It is definitely the result of selfishness and greed — Greed which demanded more and more territory and world power, and selfishness which was not interested in the welfare of less fortunate people and nations.

If some of the Christian spirit was imbibed by MORE people throughout the world, this state of affairs could never arise.

There would be no cornering of wealth and luxury and comfort, and no section would be enslaved . . . the result would be more abundant happiness throughout . . . more brotherly consideration, and less selfishness.

There could not possibly be a catastrophic situation like the one in which we find ourselves now.

God is Right, and when the majority become Righteous, then Goodness will rule the world, and the Almighty, Unchanging Creator will be on the side of Goodness because He cannot be on any other . . . and if WE are on that side, then we are on the side of God, not because He has joined our ranks, but because WE have at last accepted His Divine principles.

It is difficult to get people to view this fact with clarity sometimes . . . and yet it is one of the first facts that must be seen erected throughout the world. Christianity is a difficult truth . . . difficult to live up to, difficult to appreciate.

Mind you, it IS possible for two peoples, or sets of people, to be opposed, and yet to be both completely convinced that each is in the right.

During the Civil War of America, Bible texts were hurled about by both sides on the question of the rights and wrongs of slavery. BOTH sides believed they were doing the Lord's work.

You remember in that fine romance, "Westward Ho," by Charles Kingsley, there is the magnificent character, Salvation Yeo, who "lived for nothing else" but to kill Spaniards, not only because of what he suffered in the Inquisition, but because he was convinced that he was "slaying the Alemites" and killing with the sanction of Heaven. And he was, too.

I could postulate a position where it is possible to believe in the killing of a man for his soul's sake.

But in the meantime let us keep to the plain, untangled proposition that if we do right for right's sake we are on God's side; and if we do wrong for self's sake we are on the side of wrong. It is the effect which proves the cause, just as the cause proves the effect. Cheerio and Good Hunting.

BRITAIN HAS BURIED TREASURE

EXCAVATIONS for war purposes, removal of bomb debris, and digging for victory, have resulted in a number of small hoards of coins being found. The history of most of them, deduced from the dates on the coins, suggested that they had been buried during previous times of trouble.

Since time immemorial, when war has threatened, people have buried their money and treasures. All through the centuries, when England was being invaded and then through the periods of civil strife that ended with the death of King Charles I, men buried their treasure.

Thousands forgot where they were buried, or lacked the opportunity to return, and hundreds of their hoards have been discovered. But there are authentic details of many treasures which remain to be unearthed.

During the last 100 years, £500,000 worth of gold and silver coin have been found and surrendered as treasure trove. Probably a similar amount has been found and not surrendered.

GHOST THAT GLITTERED.

Scientists may dismiss some of the tales and traditions of buried treasure which are associated with ghostly apparitions; but the fact remains that not a few of these tales have been proved in the past to be true.

At a village near Flint there was a tradition of buried gold based on the appearance of a ghost that wore a golden corselet.

The tradition was laughed at, until, one day, men digging in the field where the ghost was supposed to appear found a skeleton, with its bones covered in a golden corselet weighing 17 ounces. The corselet is now in the British Museum.

A large pot filled with Charles II coins was found on a priory at Ormesby. The

by J. M. Michaelson

a farm at Plumstead as a result of a woman dreaming it was there.

At Lexden Park, Colchester, there was a tradition of a king buried in golden armour nearby. No one paid much attention to it. But in 1924 excavations brought to light a chieftain buried in armour. The armour was not gold, but the

Digging up Boadicea's City near St. Albans.

whole skeleton was wrapped in cloth of gold.

In the face of these and numerous other similar stories, it is difficult to scoff at some of the treasure legends still preserved, although the amount may be vastly exaggerated. A ghost is supposed to preside over a treasure of a million at Roslin Castle. One day the ghost may "reform" and guide someone to the treasure!

There is a story of treasure buried at Streatham during the Civil War. It is so circumstantial that at various times excavations have been made at the supposed spot, and workmen engaged in building or roadmaking have kept a sharp look-out.

Nothing has been found, and now, it seems, we may have to wait until the cinema built over the site is pulled down for another chance to test the story!

TREASURY TROVE.

Yorkshire has seen some of the richest finds of treasure, and the neighbourhood of Kirkstall and York Abbeys may yet yield the hoards of coins supposed to be buried there.

About 100 years ago, coin worth £10,000 was dug up near Charles II coins was found on a priory at Ormesby. The



finder refused to surrender his treasure trove, and was imprisoned at York Castle!

The State claims treasure trove, chiefly so that valuable antiquities shall not be lost or melted down.

If a coroner's inquest finds that coins, etc., are treasure trove, the finder almost invariably gets the equivalent value.

Epping Forest, on the outskirts of London, is supposed to hold many valuables concealed by Dick Turpin. Surprisingly few caches made by highwaymen have been found. There have been some small finds of coins, etc., undoubtedly buried by highwaymen, but none of the traditional wealth of Turpin and his brethren has come to light.

The Civil War probably saw the biggest concealment of treasure in England ever known, and nearly fifty per cent. of the stories relating to buried wealth date from this war.

Among the authenticated stories is one of considerable treasure buried at Corfe Castle, which withstood a great siege. When the Roundheads entered they anticipated finding the booty. They found nothing. The story is that the Royalists buried their treasure in the

well, but excavations yielded nothing.

Less reliable, perhaps, is the story of plate and jewels belonging to Charles I buried in Knaresborough Castle. The reason for scepticism is that Charles was a monarch who rarely had spare treasure to leave behind!

PLOUGHING IT UP.

Ploughmen and labourers engaged in ditching and building are the greatest finders of buried treasure.

In the great rebuilding that will be necessary after the war, many hoards, like the jug filled with gold and silver coins found by a labourer at Balcombe, are likely to come to light.

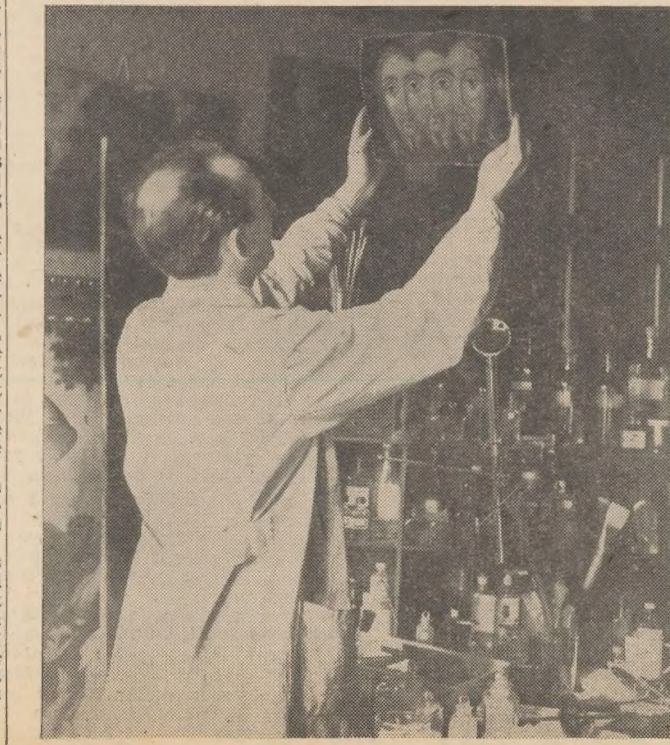
New foundations for building often require digging in soil that has remained undisturbed for centuries. Thus rebuilding in Dorchester shortly before the war revealed foundations of a Roman villa and an iron-bound box filled with Roman coins.

Even land that has been much dug over may yield treasure. For instance, a man "digging for victory" in his front garden in a Kent village turned up an earthenware crock. It contained 129 gold coins dating from the reign of Edward III.

The garden must have been dug over many times before.

How "Canvas Crooks" fail

AN Old Master may be just a yawn to some folk, but to Dr. Max Toch it can be as good as a crime case. For Dr. Toch is the world's most skilful art-fake expert.



Once they brought him a "genuine Van Dyck—worth thousands!" as they said.

The picture was a fake, worthless except as an ornament. Dr. Toch smiled—but in appreciation, for the subtle art-faker had made a superb job of it.

Dr. Toch could trace the entire process.

The mellowness of age had been produced by careful applications of ashes, smoke, and liquorice juice; the fly-specks had been spattered by a mixture of gum and Indian ink; the appearance of mildew came from confinement in a damp cellar.

There is nothing that even the most skilful art-faker can teach Dr. Toch. Clever swindlers still make money by selling fake paintings, but Dr. Toch is hot on their track.

NATIONAL "TREASURES."

His skill and guile are certainly needed, for the National Gallery trustees actually bought an expensive faked "Holbein."

In the Gallery there is still a Rembrandt for which £7,000 was once paid. But they know now that it isn't a Rembrandt.

Dr. Toch's strangest case was that of a Velasquez painting which had come under suspicion.

"I paid £20,000 for it," the owner lamented. "The dealer showed me an art critic's certificate of its genuineness. Now I'm told it isn't genuine."

Dr. Toch photographed the painting by infra-red ray. The crayon foundation sketch showed clearly beneath the pigments . . . yet Velasquez had scorned such methods. Nor did the photographs show the brushwork as genuine Velasquez. The brushwork of

every artist is as individual a signature as a finger-print.

But the most obvious clue was the canvas itself.

In the light of the infra-red ray it showed a trade sign, "Jones and Co., Ltd., Awnings and Window-shades."

BLIND BUYING.

"You have paid £20,000 for a window blind," said the Doctor.

As if this were not sufficient evidence, he deftly removed a pinpoint of paint and dissolved it with a drop of nitric acid. On the slide of his powerful microscope it spread a brilliant blue.

"This blue is ferro-cyanide of iron," Dr. Toch explained. "discovered in 1704 and first marketed in 1780. Velasquez died in 1660. The blue tints in his paintings are all from powdered lapis lazuli. . . ."

"Give me that painting," cried the art-fake victim in a rage. "If he doesn't give me my money back I'll . . ."

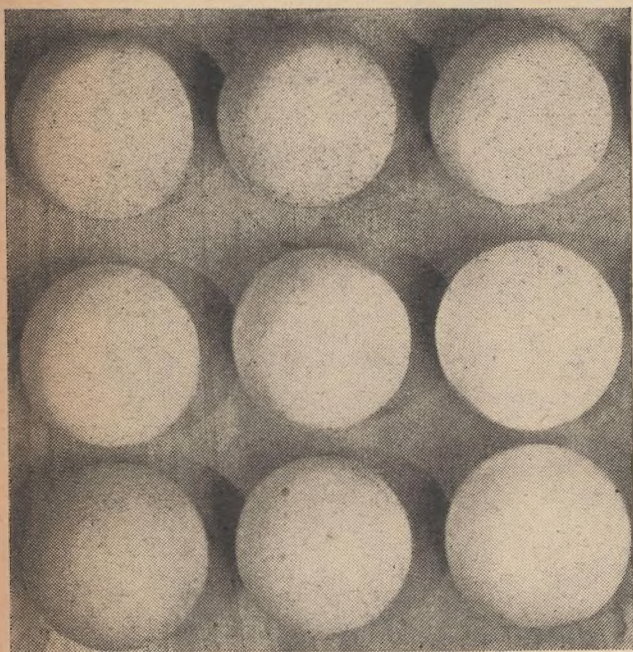
But violence proved unnecessary. To his amazement, the dealer wrote out without fuss a cheque refunding his money. On it he also wrote "For Velasquez painting . . ."

In due course Dr. Toch heard the next stage of the comedy. Another enraged sucker came to him with the self-same Velasquez.

"I bought it for £40,000," he said. "It must be genuine. The dealer paid £20,000 for it. Look, here is the endorsed cheque. The cheque says it's a Velasquez. And he bought it only because he knew it was a bargain. . . ."

Maybe Dr. Toch will one day be trying to pacify somebody who has just bought a "genuine Velasquez" for £80,000!

SUNDAY FARE



WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a Feather Duster.

MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

This Hare was a Phantom

THEY were always certain of "setting up" a hare on the fallows below the church, and invariably the hare would run across the hillside, down the valley along the low pastures, and up the hillside opposite.

Here the hare would show what it really could do in the matter of running. Its long hind legs, which were somewhat of a disadvantage to its progress downhill, were now in their element, and they propelled its body forward at an amazing speed that defied any four-footed pursuer to overtake it.

It looked a ridiculous proposition altogether for the little short-legged beagles to try to overtake the speedy hare, for, on being first "set-up," the hare left them hopelessly behind.

But the men, women and dogs, all on foot, followed relentlessly, like certain fate, knowing that sooner or later the hare, after circling back to the hillside, would crouch down, spent and exhausted, until its slow-moving, keen-scenting pursuers were on top of it.

But one particular hare on the hillside never seemed to get exhausted. Round and round it went on a three-mile circle, until the dogs were called off, or started after another hare with less staying-powers.

For three winters it had made the same run and evaded capture, to the disappointment of certain two-legged hounds who had chased over ploughed fields, climbed stiles, and crawled through barbed-wire en-

tanglements for the joy of being in at the kill.

After climbing the hill opposite the hare turned along the ridge, along by "The Stones," across the common, and back again to the church fields.

Instead of dropping exhausted like a respectable hare should, it continued the same wide circle, until it had earned the reputation of being a "phantom" hare.

The remarkable staying-powers of the hare were discussed in "The Plough," where Jesse listened for once without passing an opinion.

But on Sunday morning he walked through the churchyard, over the stone steps and into the fallow. In the distance he could see "The Stones" on the opposite hill, and made his way across to them.

This wild spot on the edge of the common had got its name from several huge slabs of limestone, moss-grown and half-hidden in rough grass and brambles, and it was near here the hare usually turned round towards the village.

Two of the tallest stones leaned together, and Jesse stepped quietly up to them. Rough tufts of grass had taken root on the top, and through the grass Jesse saw the silky ears of a hare crouching low.

Jesse stepped quietly away. It was quite a 5ft. jump on to the stone, and Jesse was satisfied that his theory was right.

The "phantom" hare had a mate, who joined it in a chain system of eluding hounds, foxes, or any four-footed pursuer who depended on ground scent to track it to "its" seat.

AN asylum for the mentally afflicted is about the last place you would look for a genius; and yet there are several very clever men in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum, the most famous institution of its kind in the world.

Periodically the greatest mental experts in Britain visit the "patients" to test them mentally. There are about 700 men and women in the institution.

The object of the testing is to find out whether any may be given liberty after their years of incarceration. Those who became insane while serving convict sentences in other prisons may, if they are deemed fit, be returned to their prisons.

One of the main reasons for this "weeding out" is that there are usually criminally insane persons who are waiting elsewhere to get in. And it is here that some amazing facts about the inmates of Broadmoor are discovered. Some of these facts are positively startling.

LITERARY MADMAN.

There was, for instance, a man confined in Broadmoor who helped to compile a celebrated lexicon. He was Dr. William C. Minor, a physician and member of a wealthy American family, who was sent to Broadmoor after he had committed a murder in London in 1872.

The late Sir James Murray, first Editor of the New English Dictionary, did not know that he was receiving valuable help from a criminal lunatic, but it was Dr. Minor who supplied over 5,000 quotations used in the work.

Dr. Minor, a very learned man, had a "private" room at the Asylum, and had the free run of the library. He was tall, very thin, bald, with a finely shaped head, a long grey beard and moustache.

Some of the other inmates called him "Father Time." He became so absorbed in his work that he had no thoughts for anything but its value.

In spite of his learning, however, he had strange delusions

now and then. He feared "being carried off by Satan," and he paid for a layer of zinc being laid under the floor of his room to keep evil spirits away. Also, he had bowls of water here and there, because he "knew" that evil entities would not cross water. He claimed he saw spirits after he went to bed.

FINANCIAL GENIUS.

Another "patient" was a man who, although he could not spend the money, made over £1,000 annually for many years in financial speculations. He was in touch with stock-brokers in London, and used to send them "advice" as to stocks and shares to buy and sell.

Seldom was his intuition at fault, and he studied the market prices constantly just as if he were in the outside world and made his living by speculation.

There have been other financiers in Broadmoor who have made "incomes" in this and other ways. But they do not handle their money, for the rules of the institution are against this.

Indeed, all moneys which these criminal lunatics have, or is sent them by friends, is exchanged for vouchers, by which the inmates can buy little extras for themselves.

Another inmate whose name rang round the world was Thomas Henry Townsend, the man who tried to shoot Mr. W. E. Gladstone in 1893. Whether he ever knew the reality of his attempted crime is doubtful, for he was fond of relating how, on one occasion, he had a pistol ready to shoot the statesman, and got close to him, but Gladstone smiled on him so nicely that Townsend could not shoot.

There is now an inmate in Broadmoor, a chess player who

has no equal. It is said that "being carried off by Satan," he could take on any "sane" chess champion, give him a queen, and beat him.

There is also a champion billiard player who can do wonders with the cue. I was told that this inmate once sent out a challenge to Reece and other champions to play a match "when and where they liked"; but the match never came off.

POETIC TOUCH.

There are, in fact, experts in almost every walk in ordinary life within the walls of Broadmoor. Take the case of a man who was known as "Stephen Watt." He served there over twenty years, and during that time wrote verses that were published in many of the best periodicals both here and in America. And his was not the only literary output of Broadmoor from officially mad people.

Watt's poems were admitted to be "big stuff." One of his poems was translated into Tamil for Christians in India. Another was transcribed into Braille for the blind.

Yet another, an acrostic on the "Golden Rule," was carved in a place of honour in a room of a Chicago church, and a club was formed on the verses, called the Golden Rule Club. Mark Twain—without knowing the habitation of the author—wrote to Watt an appreciation of the verses.

Yes, there have been, and still are, some queer patients in Broadmoor. Ronald True is still there, taking an interest in the institution's theatrical efforts.

Among the other famous "patients" the institution has received were Peter McLean, who tried to kill Queen Victoria at Oxford; Arthur

Prince, who stabbed William Terriss, the actor, to death outside the Adelphi Theatre; and the famous "Broadmoor Drummer" Murphy.

Murphy was sent to Broadmoor in 1875 for malicious wounding. He remained there for fifty-five years, and died in 1930. He earned the nickname of "Drummer" because he operated the side-drum in the asylum orchestra for over thirty years. He was aged 90 when he died.

Some of the inmates have been at Broadmoor for over a generation, although the record set up by Murphy has not been beaten. Mary Hirst, who was sent there for killing her child in 1876, died just about the same time as the "Drummer." She was a young mother when she entered, an old woman when she died.

In all its history there have been only two inmates who escaped from Broadmoor. One of these was never heard of again and evaded all efforts to capture him.

The other was James Kelly, a "criminal" who, although "insane," escaped in January, 1888, and also defeated the authorities to trace him.

NOBODY SAW KELLY.

He just disappeared; but in reality he was travelling all over the world alone, working his passage and visiting many lands.

But thirty-nine years afterwards he returned.

He knocked at the gate, an old man, hungry, weary and footsore, and asked to be allowed to enter as a patient.

He was admitted. Why had he come back? He stated the reason quite frankly. He was without a friend in the world, and was afraid of ending his days in loneliness and starvation. So the authorities booked him in; and there he died.

NO FUTURE IN FORGERY

IT may surprise many people to know that forgery of bank notes was, until comparatively recently, not too difficult a matter for real artistic chemists who so indulged their craft. But within the last few years the best brains which the Bank of England and other agencies could muster have been at work trying to make forgery of bank notes impossible. Nobody knows if they have succeeded!

The new pound and ten shilling notes, while they are not so decorative to all appearance, are really much more difficult to forge than the older ones. And one of the main reasons is that special inks have been used, and the peculiarities of design can be seen only with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass.

Apart from the question of the kind of paper used for bank notes—and this cannot be duplicated—the expert forger of to-day must have a knowledge of chemistry before he can begin his criminal job. No skilled forger would alter the writing on the body of a cheque, but what he might try to do—as some have done—is to bleach out all the characters except the signature with hypochlorous acid. This is the most difficult part of the forgery. When it is done successfully a good forger can fill in what he likes carefully.

But he has forgotten one thing, as they all forget this one thing. Whenever a forgery is suspected in cheques or bank notes, it is passed to a forensic chemist for exami-

nation. There are many forensic chemists in the British Association of Chemists who know all the dodges.

The chemist treats the paper with certain chemicals and soon reveals the iron salts in the ink which remain in the paper—and the original writing appears to condemn the forger.

One of the many tricks of forgers is to change a seven into a nine and a one into a seven. In this case two methods are employed to detect the forgery. The ink of the portion supposed to be forged is compared chemically with the genuine figure. If they correspond it is all right and there is no forgery, but if they don't react similarly, then it is all wrong, and another test is applied to make doubly sure.

A photomicrograph is taken. Now, the microscope is the forger's greatest enemy. Nothing escapes the microscope. It reveals the structure of characters and paper better than anything else, and it shows not only the line where the forged line joins the genuine one, but it reveals much more besides.

For instance, in the case of Brinkley, the forger and murderer, some time ago, it was found by microscopical examination that three different kinds of ink had been used in a document he forged. And that proved his undoing.

But microscopic examination has been used to free innocent men, too. Take the case of Dr. Cohen, who in 1919 was charged with doping a patient with the object of keeping him out of the Army.

The doctor was convicted, but on appeal he produced his books to prove that his entries were genuine. There were certain interpolations in the entries which the prosecution alleged were forged.

The forensic chemist got to work and proved that the doctor was innocent; the original verdict was quashed and the doctor acquitted.

Before the present bank notes were issued they were put under many tests to see if forgery was possible. Chemists did all sorts of things to dummy notes. The result was that the present notes are deemed to be unforgeable, as far as

human agency can make them. There is no chemical reagent known that a forger could use which could make it worth his while tampering with them.

But that is not to say that "duds" cannot be made. A few years ago it was possible to buy "bank notes" in a certain part of London at prices of about five shillings for a ten-shilling note and twice that for a pound note.

But these were clumsy imitations and not worth the name of forged notes. It did not take the police long to find out where the notes were made and to stamp out that particular type of crime. It was not real forgery. It was just fraud, although it went under the name of forgery. But a real chemical forger would have been ashamed of these duds.

PUZZLE CORNER

Here are some of the States of America. The letters are in the right column, but not in the right line. Can you find them?

M R L R R S K I
M O R A H N D O
A I L A A U I N
C I K G O O R S
N I S H I S M A
V K C O N A A A
O E L S N O I S
I L B I I G A A

Solution to Big Shot in S 36.

W A G E R
S L O W S
S T E E P
L E R O S
S T I N G
M I N O R
S I G H T

Solution to Hidden Birds in S 36.

T H R U S H
P H E A S A N T
B L A C K B I R D
W O O D P E C K E R
P A R T R I D G E
S T A R L I N G
P L O V E R

A QUAIN SIGN ON

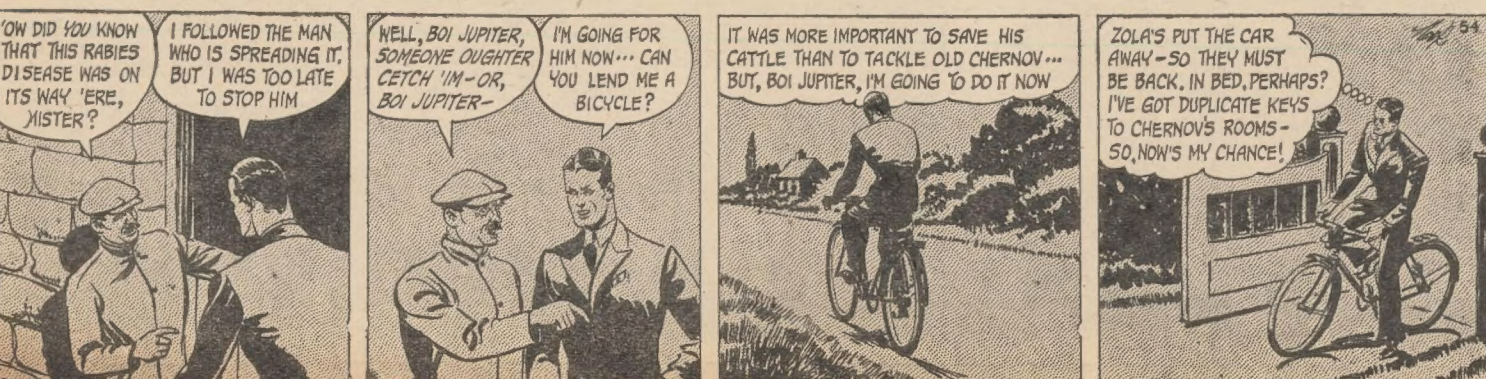
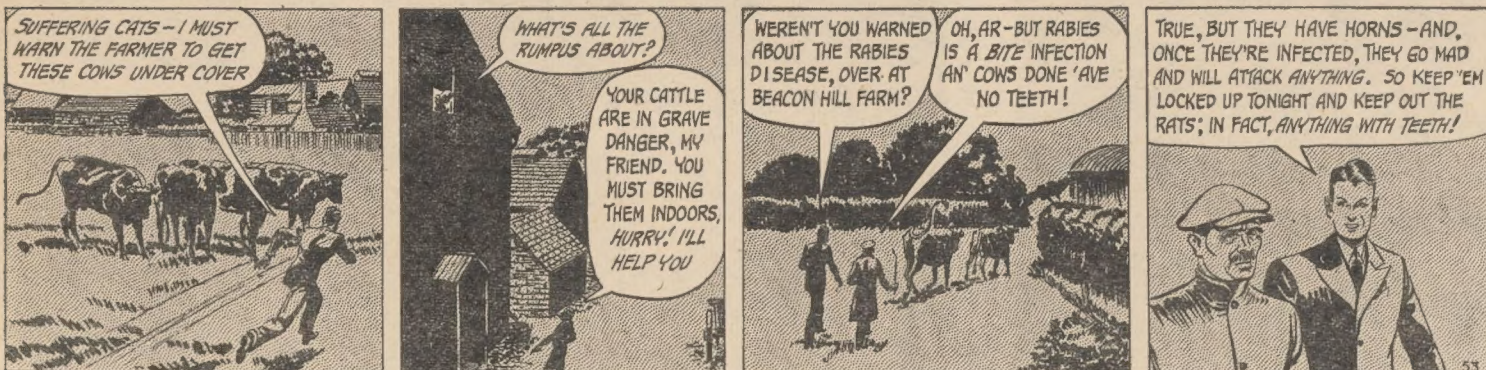
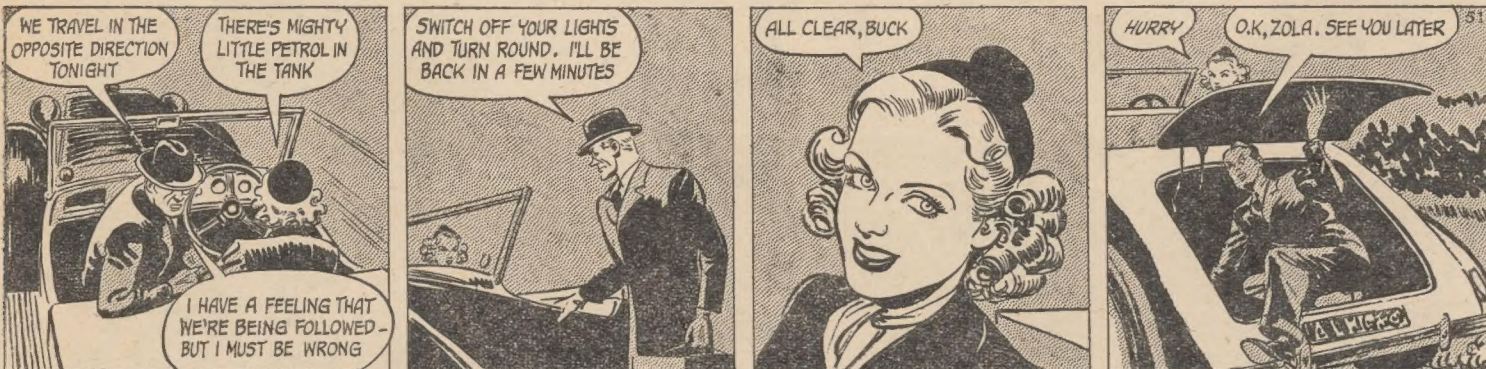
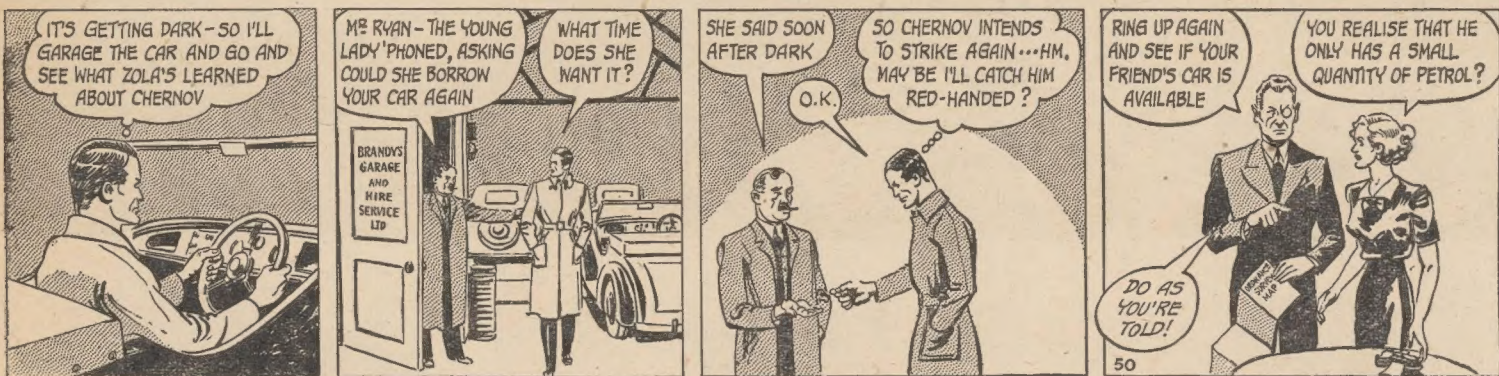
an old
Bucks
Inn

Can you
work it
out?

NOTICE

HERESTO PANDS PEN D ASOCI
AL HOU A INHAR M (LES SMIRT
HA ND FUNLET FRIENDS
HIPRE ICN BE JUSTAN DK
INDAN DEVIL SP EAKOF NONE

BUCK RYAN



MILLIER'S SPORTS FLASHBACK

By W. H. MILLIER

ALL sorts of public performers must have been "given the bird" at some time or other, and peace-time county cricketers, particularly after prolonged stonewalling, were not immune. But it is on record that a cricketer acquired one for himself.

It was at Lord's some years ago when a cricketer fielding at point reached out for a hard cut and caught a swallow.

As one swallow does not make a summer, one bird will not make much of a story, so we must find some more. Here is one that gave the racehorse trainer Jarvis a scare.

Ribbon, a stable-companion of Nasrullah, was being galloped at Newmarket when she was hit by a swallow making a low swoop for a mosquito. By the merest fraction of an inch the filly escaped the probable loss of an eye. The swallow came off second-best in the collision, and Jarvis picked it up dead to have it stuffed as a memento.

It used to be part of the patter of the regular Irish horse-dealer, "Sure there's no faster filly in all Ireland. She's so fast she can catch birds."

If we live long enough, we may find many of the most extravagant figures of speech coming to life, if only to show that they are not so extravagant after all.

BIRDIE SHOTS.

If you are not a player of golf you are not at all interested in the conversations of golfers, but if you overhear a lot of talk about "birdies," it does not follow that they are referring to the glamorous variety.

Still, even that expression was made actual by a golfer on the Weston-super-Mare links. He played his ball and it struck a skylark in flight. The ball cut off the poor little songster's head.

At Kettering there was a golfer who ought by now to be a first-class Ack-Ack gunner. Driving from the fifth tee, he hit and brought down with his ball a hovering sparrowhawk.

THERE is a certain amount of truth in that trite remark, "There's nothing new under the sun." If you listen overmuch to our radio comedians, you are forced to the conclusion that there are no new jokes on the air. Transatlantic humour sometimes has a breeze of freshness in it, but there are many exceptions.

One of the "big noises" in the laughter-making line not long ago, raised a roar when, in answer to the question of where's So-and-So, he replied, "He's playing with his Yo-Yo."

The leading comedian of the early 1800's might have raised just such a roar of laughter if his stooge had asked this same question concerning the whereabouts of the Duke of Wellington, for the funny man could have scored with his crack, "He's playing with his Yo-Yo," except that we have no evidence that this amusing plaything went by the name of Yo-Yo in those days.

WELLINGTON DID IT.

It was known as a "Quiz" on this side of the Channel, and as a "Bandalore" in Paris, where it is believed to have originated. Thomas Moore, in his memoirs, writes: "To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy of this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the streets numbers of persons of both sexes were playing it up and down, as they walked along, or as my very doggerel described it—

"The ladies, too, when in the streets, or walking in the green, Went quizzing on to show their shapes, and graceful mien!"

Moore goes on to say that Lord Plunket told him that the Duke of Wellington (then Captain Wellesley) was in 1790 one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant, and a member of the Irish House of Commons, and that during the sitting of one of its committees he was playing with one of these toys, called quizzes.

There is still time for somebody to deprive Eton of its age-long free advertisement by saying that the Duke of Wellington won the Battle of Waterloo with his Yo-Yo.

EUGENE CORRI, who was one of the best-known boxing referees, was at one time a stockbroker, and he would, like so many of his kind, make all sorts of weird wagers. Among his other claims to fame was the one that he really started the London-to-Brighton walking craze.

At the end of a convivial evening at some City celebration he struck a wager with one of his friends that he would walk from London to Brighton within a given time. The bet was made, and, to the astonishment of his friends, Corri announced his intention of starting at that very moment, which was near midnight.

In full regalia, not walking kit—evening suit and dancing pumps, not to mention his opera hat. Yes, sirs, he started that way, and he finished in the same rig at Brighton, although his collar had become like a dishcloth and his dancing pumps had shed their soles. He won his bet, and he earned it.

Good
Morning

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BATTLE OF THE LAND

Britain to-day
is the World's
most highly
mechanised
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country

